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O'barroll, John J.

The tale of the
wanderings of the
spear which was called
the red lance.

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Author

m.d.

szeul
n-1mteacta sleiže
vārb' anīm:
ζατ vearz.
Ann ro rior.

THE TALE
OF THE
WANDERINGS OF THE SPEAR,
WHICH WAS CALLED THE
RED LANCE.

J. J. COLLINS' SONS, PRINTERS, 210 BLUE ISLAND AVE.,
CHICAGO, 1909.

From *Compliments of the Author.*
15478 Humboldt Ave. Chicago.

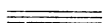
szeul

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THE TALE

OF THE

WANDERINGS OF THE SPEAR,

WHICH WAS CALLED THE

RED LANCE.

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PRIOIBROLLAC

Cuirimra ann cloó an minleabhar reo, mar
buancomhaine dom' mactar ionmuin—Maire Ní
Amalghaó Ua Cearbhuil.

Ir uaithe amain do fogluimra an Sadaige
geur, glia, glomhar, geanaíail.

Buó iomaí rceul ur aghur rean rceul a
éanic anuar o beul go cluar, a bí aici mar
comhaid aghur reanúir eádon mar an rceul
beug a leaneas.

Scríobim an rceul reo anoir, annor nac
caillteas, ouc! mar bí moian de fíorfeasaid
na Sadaí caillte san eireirige. Scripta man-
ent.

Eoin Ua Cearbhuil 1902.

sgeul

n-imteada slege uarb' anim: gat dearg.

Ann ro rior.

An ceuo caiboil.

La ceurte n-ain mic, ir e longinur an fadac tar rin rlionte lamdearg, cean feine air tri caogao, eus urcun rleige ais fuarglad a eadob agus ais rcoile a croide ann a cleib do iora.

Tanic rput sola amac ar eadob an tiona agus imdearguis rleag agus lam longinur. Immo ro nior feoir a glanad ar uplann na rleige no o lam an laoi. O'n t-am rin an-uaf buo comainm do longinur "lamdearg" o imdeargte sola an slanteora. Anntiact do por longinur lamdearg tar rin, Salome ing-ein greinamhar grein mna-ceile pilipur triact triuceuda iur. Air n-imteact do longinur agus a bean Salome go Eirbania air rluag-cead, buo beata anfoctac do rigne rre do ann, ais imire iomda cleara grana agus beart uruiraail le ceannaib feine an armruidis nui gup tanic angtiadeact ead air a croide

com̃ mor̃ riñ zur̃ buò aíl leir̃ a leannan
 Galba vo marbað zio arot̃mað aður ceapco-
 ranta na z-comlann. Iomtura an tarlað riñ
 nior̃ feuo le lam̃dear̃z fanuinc̃ rañ armrluað
 o'n eufulang̃ vo cur̃ Galba ari marlle leir̃
 an eafonoir̃ aður an vomear̃ zrana v'imir̃ a
 bean Salome ar̃ ar̃ vo.

An vana cabroil.

Ir̃ e an comairle glac longinur̃ lam̃dear̃z
 teir̃eað̃ zo b̃ruiz̃in luð-t-aor̃ Þarriorum oir̃-
 vo bi caða mileað̃ na Romanac̃ vo z̃nat̃ rañ
 talam̃ vo. Nior̃ fuppur̃ an teir̃eað̃ vo vo
 comlioneað̃ oir̃ lea com̃ðail̃ mileað̃ aiz̃ lor-
 zuð̃ e. Ir̃ violcior̃ viodcannte baineað̃ar̃ na
 Romanaiðe ari luc̃t teir̃te ar̃ an armrluað̃.

Cio taric̃t iari tigeað̃t vo lam̃dear̃z ame-
 ar̃z na rbeibcib̃ nior̃ feuo vo na lorzoiuib̃ e
 vo faðail̃, ṽari noiz̃ nior̃ anoũb̃trac̃tac̃ an tu-
 air̃iz̃ vo miz̃neað̃ar̃, um fiorruiz̃eað̃ar̃ euct̃ra
 a miz̃ne lam̃dear̃z leir̃ a z̃at̃ ṽear̃z poime
 riñ aður zo cor̃noð̃o re e feiñ zo f̃raoð̃, f̃ear-
 zað̃, f̃iorruim̃neað̃, f̃earam̃ail̃.

Ac̃t ari im̃teað̃t vo lam̃dear̃z rir̃rub̃ail̃
 re nuið̃ zo raniz̃ lungþor̃t ic̃. buò iom̃oð̃

ԵճճԱԼ ԵՅՈՒՆ ԱՅՈՐ Մ-ԵՅՈՒՆՅ ԵՐԼԱԾ ՈՅ ԱՐ
 ԱՆ ԱՐԿՐ ՍԱՅՆԵԱԸ. ՇՐՅ ԵՐԱԾ ԵՆՈՑ ԴԵ ԴՅՐ
 ԼԵ ԵՍԱԾ ԱՆ ՃԱԸ ՎԵՐՅԵ ՕՐԻ ԵՍՅ ՅՆԱԾ ՈՅ,
 ՇԻՇ ԵԵՆԵԱԾ ԱՅՈՐ ԼԱԴԱՐ ԴԼԱՆԵԱԾ ՈՅ ՇՐԻ ԱՐ
 ՄՈՆՆ Ա ՇՈՆՆ ԱՐ ԵՅՆԵԱԾ ՅՈՐԵ ԼԵ ԵճճԱԼ, ԱՅՈՐ
 ՈՐԻ ԵՅ ՍՐՇՐԻ ՈՒ ԱՐԻԱՄ ԵՐԻ ՎԵՐ ԼԱ ՆԱ ՇԵ-
 ՍՐԵ ՃԱՆ ԵՍԾ ՈՅ ՎԵՍՆԱԾ, ԱՅՈՐ ԲԻԼԲԵԱԾ ԱՐ
 ԱՐ ԱՆՆ ԼԱՄ ԱՆ ԼԱՅԻՇ ՇՈՄ ԵԱՐՄԱՅ ՅՐ ԵԼԼ-
 ԲԵԱՐ ԵՅԵԻՄ.

ՄԱՐ ԱՆ ՇԵՍՆԱ ՈՐԻ ՄԱԻԾ ՄԱԸՐԱՄԱԼ ԼԱՄ-
 ՎԵԱՐՅ ԴԱՆ ԵԱՆ ԴՆ ԱՆՆ ԵՐԵՐԵԱԾ ԱՅՈՐ ԱՆՆ
 ԵՐԵՍՆԵԱԾ ԱՐ ՎՐԱՄ ԱՆ ՄՈՐՈՕՄԱՆ. ԱՅ ԼՈՅ-
 ՔՈՐԵ ԼԵ ՍԼԼՄԱՅԵԱՐ ԱՐՄԻԼԱՅ ՅՈ ԵԱՐՐՆԵՈՇԱԾ
 ՅՈ ՎՐԱԵԱՆ, ԱՅՈՐ ԻՐ Ե ԱՍՈՒԴԱՐԵ ԼԱՄՎԵԱՐՅ:
 ՅՈ ՇՈՄԱԸՐԱԾ ԴԵ ԲԵՆ ԼԵՈ. ԵՐԻ ՇԱԵԱԾ ԵՐԵ-
 ՄԴԵ ԲԱԾԱ ԱՆՆ ՎՐԱԵԱՆ ԵՆՈՑ ՇՈՆ ԲՈՇԱԼ ԱՆՆ:
 ՅՐԻ ԵՆՅ ԵԵՐԵԵ Ա ԵԻ Ն ԼԱՄՎԵԱՐՅ, ԱՅՈՐ ԵՐՅ-
 ՅՅԱԾ ԲԱԵՇՈՐ ՍԵԾԱԲԱԸ ՄԱՐԵԵԱ Ե, ՕՐԻ ՅԼԱՇ
 ՅԱԼԵԱ ԼԵԱՆՆԱՆ ԲԵԱՐՈԱ ՅԱԼՈՄԵ ԲԵԱԼԵ ԱՐ ՄՅԵ
 ՆԱ ՐՈՄԱՆԱԸ. ԱՐԻ ՆԱ ՇԼԱՐԵԱՆԵ ԴՆ ՈՅ ՇՐԻ
 ԼԱՄՎԵԱՐՅ ՍԱԾ Ա ՇՈԼԱԾ ԼԱՐԵԱԸ ԱՅՈՐ Ա ԲՇԱԸ
 ԱՅՈՐ ԱՆ ՅԱԸ ՎԵԱՐՅ, ԱՅՈՐ ՎՈՄԵՅ ՅՈ ԱՆՎԵՐ-
 ԲԵԱԸ ԱՐ ԻՐՈԼ ԵՐՅ ՅԱԸ ՇՈԼԼ Յ-ՇՐԱՆԱՐՈ, ԱՅՈՐ
 ՅԱԸ ՅԼԵԱՆՆ ՎՈՄԱՐ ԱՅՈՐ ՅԱԸ ԲԼՅԵ ԲԼԵԻԵԱԸ
 ՆԱՅ ՅՈ ՄԱՆՅ ԴԵ ՕՐԻՈՐ ՆԱ ԲԱՐՅԵ ՄՈՐԱ ԱՅՈՐ

tearfnuiḡ re ari baḡ beuḡ ḡo ḡaḡliat.

Annran tiri rin ḡlac re an baḡul aḡur
an coḡul aḡur crioḡnuiḡ re a beaḡa mari ceile-
De aiḡ faḡail roḡ aḡur ruamnear fa veiread!

Δη̃ tpeap caibioil.

Airi teiread to lamdearḡ le imeaḡla a
vioḡeannte teiḡ re an rḡiat aḡur an ḡat
vearḡ rior ann rean tobar, aḡur fanadap
ann treimpe faḡa, nuiḡ ḡo n-oioḡe n-aon ari
a raiḡ luciur balbur aḡur comḡail caoḡaḡ
a rirriubail ḡarri an tobar, aḡur briḡḡuiḡ ar
a imbeul larap vealraḡ mari teintiaḡ no
teine ḡealann.

“Me Ercule” ari luciur o’a comluadonri
Anne naḡ ionḡantaḡ an vealread uo ḡall?”
“ionruideadap anna ḡoipe aḡur veḡinuḡio toḡ
cao i?” “Ao ioirinne aḡur i” preaḡadap riao-
ran “ḡiaḡior ouinn naḡ uadḡar aḡur foruorur
irrinne i?” “Raḡfaomuiḡone ḡo laocḡa, lan-
tappuiḡ ann aḡaiḡ caḡa ruiḡa na talman reo,
aḡe ni b-fuil caḡ, comruic, no coḡaḡ aḡainne
annaḡaiḡ Plutur, aḡur ni voiteocamapne ari
crioideat anna n-aḡaiḡ, Seoḡa!” Ouḡ! a mic
m-boḡaḡ, treipe ḡo leuri annaḡaiḡ bio aḡur

φρον, φερφισιό αηνα τιμητιολι ζο φιορφισζαηη
 ηε φειη ααη αη ηιορβυιλε ιοηζαηταό ι?"

Αιη φευόφηηη φιορ φαη τοβαη, αοηηαηηε αη
 ζαό ηεαηηζ αζυρ αιό ηειηε φιεαό αφ φηηη α
 όηηη. Αιη αη βαλλ φιορφισζ ζυρ βυό ζαό
 ιοηζαηταό α βι αηηηι. Αιη ζλαόαό αη ζαό
 αηηηα λαηη βυό ι αη φιεαζ ιφ φεαηη α φάόαό
 φε αηηαηη φοιηηε φηη, αζυρ α όραη αοηη ηεαηηζ
 λε φυιλ αζυρ ι αυρ λαφαι ηειηε αφ φηηη α όηηη,
 υιηε φηη αιη υέβαφ ηι αυρφαο υυηε υε'η αοηη-
 όαηλ ααοζαο ηευρ αιη αη ζαό ηεαηηζ αιη ιοη-
 ηηυρ αη υοηαηη, αόη λυαυρ βαλβυρ αηηαηη.

Αζυρ φαοηλ αη λαοιό λυαυρ ε φειη ζο
 αηηηε ζυρ αυρ υια αόειηη ζεαφα αιη αη φιεαζ
 υο. Ό'ιοηαυρ φε αη φααό αζυρ αη φιεαζ
 λειφ ζο βφυιζηη Όυη-ηα-όαφηηα αηηηα αηηαίβ αη
 ηηαό φηη, ηα ηφη αοηηλαηηηα υαηβ' αηηηη: Λεζ-
 ιο ηοηα εφβαηα. Λεζιο αυαηυοη υεαηηα ζεη-
 ιηα βιαηηηε. Αζυρ λεζιο βιζεφηηα βαλαεηηα
 βιαηηηε, φαοι αη η-υαόηαφαη αυλυρ φλαυηυρ
 υευηαό α λυηζφφοηη.

Αη αειηηεηηαο ααβιόιλ.

Ιφ ε αοηηαηηλε υο λεαη λυαυρ α ζαό υο
 ααιφβαηη υ'η αυηηφφεα αζυρ υο'η φλαηηη Όι-

Διὶρ ἀννορ ζο φοιλλρσιζεαοαρ καο ζεαφα βι
 αἱρ Δ ζαέ, πο καο τυιζεαό ριέαηη τεῖηε αρ
 Δ ριηη? Πο καο ιμὲαρσιζεαηη Δ έρην?

Εἰὸ ερὰέτ ριορ ρεοο το αοη ααα αραιβ
 ραη λυηζρὸρτ φοιλλρσιζεαέτ πο αιλλ αη μιορ-
 βυιλε έαβαιρτ. Αζυρ βυὸ μιορ αη αειμῖ ρυαιρ
 αη ζαέ αζυρ αη ριαέ υο ερὶὸ αη εαλαμ υιλε
 αη αιμρρρ ριη, οἱρ ζειλλεαοαρ ζυρ βυὸ λε οια
 ειζιη ριαο. Μαρ αη αεοηα εϋζ λυαιρ βάλ-
 βυρ ριαο μαρ βρὸηταηαρ το αυλυρ ρλαυερ
 αη ρρὸαηρλ, οἱρ αυαιλυζ ζυρ βυὸ ουαλ ὅο
 ζο μορ ριαο.

Ζο αητε ηι ραιβ ζρειέρρ ρεοο πο ιοημυρ
 αἱζ αη αρὸέρμαέ ρλαυερ Δ ραιβ αη μεοο
 ηεαφα αζυρ ηυιρη ιοηα αἱρ αη ζαέ οεαρζ.
 Αζυρ βι ερειμρε ραοα αἱζε αμεαρζ Δ ιοημ-
 υἱρὶβ αηη Ουη-ηα-ααρτρηα ηυἱζ ζο έυαἶὸ αἱρ
 ρλυαζέαο αἱρ αἱρὸ βυὸ τυαἶὸ. Ζλαε ρε αη
 Ζαέ οεαρζ λειρ αζυρ ριζηε ιοηοα ευέτ λειρ
 αζυρ έαρ αυρ αέτ ερὶὸ αυρρηαητα αηηαζαἶὸ
 αη ηαμῆαο, αἱζ αειλεαβρὰ Δ βυαἶὸ, οαηηηυἱζ
 υλτυἱρ το βενυρ βἱεερἱε αζυρ αυρ αη ριαέ
 αζυρ αη ζαέ οεαρζ αἱρ ερὸαζαέ αρ έιὸηη
 η-αη-υλτυἱρ αζυρ ηα ρεηατερ αἱρ; εἰὸ ερὰέτ
 βἱ'η υλτυἱρ αζυρ ηα βεηατερ ααιτυἱζτε ριορ

Δὲν κυγῆματ' καθύοι.

Ἰομῆταρ δὲν ἤλεο, ἵρ εἰ τοῦ μῆνε δὲν ἀπο-
 ἔριατ' ἀυλὺρ πλάυταρ. Ὑερραριανὺρ τρεῖδαον
 μίλεαυα ἀγὺρ τεάατα τοῦ ὑλλμυῖζ αἰς ἰοηρυῖθε
 ἰννὶρ Μᾶναθαν, τοῦ Μυρ εὐλαναυα ἡ-Ἰρομ-
 φεαρ μ-ῶαλ αἶρ φοιλλρυῖζεαυὸ τοῦ ἐάδαυρ τοῦ
 αἶρ δὲν ἡγιόμ' αἰ ἐαυῖαυὸ τοῦ ἡ ὑλταυρ ἀγὺρ ὑλ-
 τυῖδα νᾶ η-οιῖθε ἀγὺρ μαρ δὲν αὐτονα φαυρ-
 νεαρ τοῦ ἐάδαυρ: Καὸ εἰ δὲν ἡατ' ὑεαυῖζ? Ἀῖτ
 ἡορ φαυρ ἡρομῆρ Μᾶναθαν καὸ εἰ δὲν ἡατ'
 ἀῖτ ἀμᾶιν ἡυρ ὑυὸ τρεῖρε υἰα δὲν ἡατ' ἰοη
 υἰα δὲν αἰ η-ὑλταρ.

Ἀῖτ τυῖδαυρ: Μα ἡαῖραυὸ δὲν τεάατα ἡο
 Μᾶγναρ ἀηη Ἠρριον β-φαυρ ἡο φοιλλρυῖζεαυὸ
 ἀποῖρομφεαρ ἡαλεν: Καὸ εἰ δὲν ἡατ' ὑεαυῖζ
 ἀγὺρ αῖδαυρ δὲν ἡορῖαυῖ. Ὑαρ ἡἷν τῖαλλεα-
 υαρ νᾶ τεάατυῖθε ἀγὺρ ἡρονταυαρ ἡορ ἡοη-
 υῖρε ἀγὺρ ἡοο ὅορ ἀγὺρ ὅαυῖζεαυὸ ἡοῖα
 τοῦ ὅορ υἰα ἀγὺρ ὅα ἡρομφεαυῖαυῖ.

ἵρ εἰ αὐτυῖδαυρ δὲν τ-ἀποῖρομφεαρ: ἡαρ
 ὑυὸ ἡηατ'αῖ τοῦ φαυρ ταυαυῖαυῖαυῖαῖ τοῦ ὅαυῖαυὸ
 ἡο φαυρνεαρ τοῦ οῖοῖαυὸ ἀῖτ αὐμ ἡοῖαυῖ μ-
 ῶαλ ἡο ἡοηηαυῖαυῖ, ἡοῖαυῖ ἡο αῖνεοῖαυὸ τοῦ
 ἡρομφεαρ εἰ φαυρ τοῦ ὅαυῖαυὸ ἀγὺρ τειμμ ἡα-

օջա ոօ քարած ար ան ուծ. Աճէ ուր քար
 քրեշրած. Բիցնե քրոմքար եւե ու քար շլիւ
 Միւստաւ ոօ քանած. Աճէ ու քար քրեշրած.
 Եւ իօնջանքար ածմաւ մօր ու քիշ յաւ շաւ-
 քար քրոմքար քրուօշքէ քրեշարք մար քու
 շնաճ. Եր քին քար քրեշաօն յա քաճա ա-
 քինջէ ար ան Արօքրոմքար յաւ քարքար ար
 ար ե քար արքին քոմ քաճ յան քրեշրած ո՛ւ
 քրօքոքսլ քլաւք. Իր ան քին քրուօ ան ք-
 Արօքրոմքար ե քին արքիշ անա քար քրաւ-
 քաճա աքսլ քիցնե “Լմար քօր քրա”. Ար ան
 քրար Լա քանի՞ քանի՞ քր ան քրեքաւա անա
 քաւ քրուօշքէ, աքսլ ան քրեշարք քօ քար ան
 օջամ: “Sanguis perperuit deor omner.—.
 Lancea pubria magni Pan, amirra cernit”...
1. Կար ան քաւ ոօ ուօմքաւն ար
 յա քարիւ սիւ. Իր քարք ան քրեշ օ քաւ
 քան ածմաւ մօր. Կաւքէ քաւքան! Ար յա
 քաւ քին աքաւքար քաւք: Յի ու քաւքիշ-
 քան յօ քոնքաւած յա քօւա քիցն ան մքս
 քօ յա քօր ոօմ ան յաճ քարք ոօ քաւքած,
 օր քարքար: Ամիրա քարք, քաւք աքսլ մա
 քաւքքար ան յաճ քարք քաւքքար քրա աքսլ
 քաճ?

An reirfeadh cabairil.

O'n traid rin b' laoirfeadh Romanaidge aig
 glaoic an gac dearg: Sleag b-pan, leir a
 cuir re muintir Scioo faoi uibhar b-pan agus
 ius an buaid ar Inoia anall.

Cio traidt cuir Aulur an rleag uaid do
 cairge le ionnuire an t-armrleag agus coire
 uirge faoi rinn a cinn annor nac loirceao
 teac na reos anna raib do cairge, agus nior
 facad faroa i ar rin a leir. Oir eanic trea-
 bloio agus tiubuirte ro ionmora trid eao ag-
 ur eaofulang air Aulur, agus treimre imcian
 ear filead ar bhuirtean cuir re le feall agus
 riongal fuilteac.

Immoia cuaid cail agus ceim na rleige
 earc timcioll uile Eirion agus Alirban, oir
 ni o'innir an t-armromfeair leat an cairang-
 eadrait na 'n farneir do teadcaib Romanaid
 Oir anuair do b' uruigte agus faoi roct na
 Imbar for orna, eanic forurfeara cuige:
 Traid cailfeao na Romanaidge an rleag cail-
 feao gur an buaid agus an ius maille leir,
 agus go cailfeair ann cogad leir an gail
 g-Cruitean tuaid, agus o'n la cailte amac

ḡo minḡeado tinnar aḡur nige na Romanac̃.

Ac̃c ḡo veim̃in ni inḡeoḡao an t-Ap̃oc̃rom-
ḡear c̃riona ḡpoc̃rceul ḡo ḡerparianur aḡur
na teac̃taib̃ ḡar ḡeir an mor̃ḡronḡanḡ ḡ'air-
ḡeado aḡur ḡ'or, ḡ'ionm̃uire aḡur ḡe ḡeoo a
ḡuair ḡe uac̃taib̃. ḡar ḡeir cur ḡaoi ḡurḡmac̃c̃
aḡur ḡib̃irḡ na ḡp̃eoc̃anteir ḡuall̃eadoar airḡ
ḡuḡ ḡuair̃ aig̃ cuir caḡ aḡur c̃p̃oḡ-coḡḡõ air
ḡair̃euc̃c̃ aḡur na Sil̃ur̃eir ḡa ḡiom̃aint na
ac̃ḡeib̃e nuiḡ ḡo ḡanig̃ ḡo t̃ir̃m̃ion tal̃m̃an na
ḡ-C̃p̃uic̃ne. Aḡur cuir̃eadoar ḡul̃ḡoir̃ḡe aḡur
ḡeilḡeadoar ḡac̃a ar̃teac̃ air tal̃m̃ ḡ-C̃p̃uic̃ne
ḡa ḡaḡ:

“Cuir̃eann an Seanḡoo aḡur an pob̃aal
Romanac̃ coḡḡõ air tal̃m̃ ḡ-C̃p̃uic̃ne mar̃ ḡe-
all ḡur ḡug̃ na C̃p̃uic̃ne ḡioḡion aḡur caḡar ḡo
naḡm̃ao na Romanac̃”!. Ir̃ ḡin an caoi ḡuḡḡ-
eann na Romañaig̃e ḡoḡḡaḡ coḡḡõ.

An ḡeac̃tm̃ao cab̃roil.

Air an ḡall, cuir̃ na C̃p̃uic̃ni teac̃ta ḡo
Suetonius̃ Paulinus̃ ap̃oc̃ḡreac̃ na Romanac̃ ḡa
ḡaḡ: “Air noig̃ m̃air̃eamp̃ne ḡan don luḡc̃ no
ḡoḡur ḡo Seanḡoo aḡur ḡo pob̃aal Romanac̃
ḡe ḡriḡ ḡin caõ ḡuig̃e ḡur̃uig̃eann ḡo ol̃c̃ co-

Զձ՝ ժողոված ան ար ու-հայո՞? Իր բլոր ան բշու
 և ժողով արհայնե ար ուս և ունե Օրտորու
 Scapula ար Զարբուժ ար ու Silureir! Ան-
 ուր արհայո՞ բլոր արհայո: Իր բար ունե ար
 ար ուս, բլոր արհայո արհայնե ար ուս ար
 ար ար ուս ար ժողով, արհայնե արհայնե ար ուս
 արհայնե ար ուս արհայնե ար ուս արհայնե ար ուս
 արհայնե ար ուս արհայնե ար ուս արհայնե ար ուս

Ullmuisgeadair gur clann Cruinne a com-
lanntha, agus cuirteadair cuirimhe deaghtarruibe
go hac truaicead agus treabh, cuirteadair mar
an ceudna teachtuibeacht go Airiuis na Eirionne
oir bideadair ann cleamnear le na ceile. Seo
adubhairt: "A Airiuis agus a fadoclanna
na Eirionne bidead fionn agus gur tanic
le forneart an uirionn luictac Romanac
le rchior agus an uo rcharrad ar cionn an n-
uirtce. Tabair comhgniomh uinn agus geabrad
na gaduibhe aic adleacta annar talamh? I
fearr uaduib comhgniomh a tabhairt uinn anoir,
oir ma rchiorfeart rinne air ball beid na
Romanaisge air buir talamh uirtce ann Eirionn?

Ծօ չարած չօ րաւն Բրօքսիննէ յա Երրօնէ
 ար բն ճոն Եաճմօր Եճարժա ճո շոն
 րոն, րք Ե ճո Եօմարթէ ար Եոննէժ յօ՛ն Բրօքս
 րիճ ճար յօ Տարժլաննաւն յա Բրօքսիննէ Երիճ

caeta de'n gnat gadal agus comlann de clanna
Ruioirioe agus comlann de clanna Morna
faoi fianeaeta Soil mic Morna do cup ann
comgnoimte. An trath ceutna tanoic gur dro-
chomfeap gadalen agus o'innir re sceul de
tarangeapaeata na pleige darp' ainm: Gat
deap, agus go beirfeao buaid agus nige leir
ma o'iomcuirfeao e ar feilb na Romanae,
agus bi Sol uetbarae mac Morna air guale-
ann nigh Eriune aig eirteact nuair nighne an
t-drochomfeap a eaint.

Com luat gur ullmuisgear an cablaç air
beul-na-foirte air ceud boircadar na n-oiöce
reoluisgeadar ais ionruöce Ælipðan ar ipiol.

Δη τ-οἰτῆδο καθιυοιῖ.

Ciò traccò ni raotàr leinb o'imiri arim-
rluas na Romanac. Dangnuigeadar mur tear-
rna an tiri uile o fairge go fairge. Agus
luidadur le roct agus rogcual gan baogal
no imgniomh aet rirritadò amac o taobh riar
o'a mhrèadib tract nac biòeann na Cruicne air
corant, agus rcuabugadò an talam buò goire
uoirb le raobair cladeamh agus lorgadò teinne
nuig go biòeann com lom le uet an b-farraig.

Մ'սլմիւնք Յօլ և Կոմլանտա չան քիւրեակ
 Իմճիւն, ասոր շրմալլ Կւմ Կօջած ասոր քրօւթեա-
 օար Ըսէ մ-Եարնա ճոն Ըր շուտեաօար Կւն
 միւ ճոճէմիւթեա Քօմանակ, ասոր քիչն Ըն
 քիւնթեակ Կւլիւթ քօմօր ասոր քիւն մաօմա Մ'Ը
 միւրէսիւ, ասոր քիւն քիւն Լե Տւետօնիւ քաւ-
 օնիւր ու յա քիւնթեաօն Ըար քիւն Մօ քիւն Ըմ-
 ակ Կւմ Ըսէ Ըր մաճ ու Ըր քիւնթեակ, օր Կւն
 ճոթեաօն Ըն Իմեջակ և ճիւն ճիւն Ըր ճոճէ-
 միւթեաօն Քօմանակ. Եւ քիւնթեակ Կօմիւրիչե,
 օր ու քիւնթեակ Լեւ և Ըօր Ըար և միւրէս
 Ըմակ. Ըն քրօւթեաօն ճօ շունթեակ Ըր Ըն
 և միւրէսիւ Լե քիւն միւթեա մար Ըսէ: Եւ-
 րէս, ասոր քիւնթեակիւթ քօմօնա ճօ Ըիւնթեակ
 Կօրնա ասոր քիւնթեակ մօնա Ըր քիւն Ընթեակ.
 Իմօնօ քիւն Ընթեակ յա ճիւն ու յա Ըրիւթե
 ճոնաօ Լեւ Ըն միւր շուտեաօն քիւ Լարէս
 ասոր օլա քիւնթեակ Ըր քիւնթեակ քիւն օր-
 Ըսիւ. Ըար Լա Ըսէ մ-Եարնա քիւն Լեւ Ըսէ
 յա Քօմանակ Ըմակ Ըր ճօն մաճ ու Ըր ճօն
 քիւնթեակ Կօմ քիւն ճիւն Եւ Յօլ քիւնթեակ մակ
 մօնա ասոր և Ըրիւթեակ Ըր քիւնթեակ Ըրիւ-
 Ըն.

Լա ուն ճօնթեակ Յօլ Լե ճօն ճիւն-
 շու մակ մօնա: և ճօն յօնիւն քիւ քիւն

Բը թօժար թէժեամ ան թօ Բը Լօմ օրսւմ
 թլեմբ. Զան օժար Կժժա ո՞ զօմքս ԶԶանն օ
 նա Բօմանաւ ԶԺ ԲԺ Եմնեւ Ի-Բարե Լե
 ւժԲար ԶԶար ԿրթեճԼա. Ու Եաթնեմաճ օսւնն,
 ո՞ ուօր օւալ մար ԶԶար Բօժանա օանքնսԶԺ
 մար Տւետոնար Քաւլոնար Օւճ Զ օւա! մա Բ-
 րԶեճ ԼաննԲեմ ԶԶար թւժար Զման օրթԵաւ
 Բը մաԶ ո՞ Բը թեւժեճ թւ թլլեճ Բը Բը
 Զօ մօ ԵԼամ Զօւն Երրոն! Ըա Ե Բը օ
 Զրնե Զ ԲրժԺար իօնմսւն եւժԺԺ? Բը Զարրօ.
 ԶԺ Բը Զօլ: ԶԼԿամար Բաւօ ան Եւօ ւար
 օ' նա Բօմանաւ, ԶԺ ի Բարթեմար ան ԶԺ
 օԵրԶ ո՞ ԶԺ Ըա Բ-թւլ? ԶԶար Զօ Զօ Բ-
 թւլ նա Բօմանաւ ԲաւԼԵ ան թան մաժմա
 օ մաԶ ԶԶար Բարանն անօր նա ԵւօԲԺ Զմաճ
 օ մարԺաւ Լե ԿրթեճԼե, ուժարրն ի օւալ
 օմքա Զ Զարրօ իօնմսւն թլլեճ Զան ան ԶԺ
 օԵրԶ, օր ԶԺ ԶԵրԶ Բը Զ թոն ԶԶար ան
 ԲԺԺ օր ԶԺ Բաւօ Բը Զ Բրաճ.

50 veimín aoudairt Apocromfean 5áalen
 am fíadnuire fein 50 fillfad tinnion agur
 nuige na Romanac air caillead uoir an 5at!
 Ma fíorruig muid cia b-fuil an 5at a bnat-
 ar euctac? Ata'n fíor rin agam a 5arpuó o

na míleaoibh geabhcuibh. Aca 'nn lungpóirt ann
 teac ionmhuire an t-armrluaḡ aḡur coire o'
 uirḡe faoi rínn a cinn annor nac loirceao teac
 na reos. Aḡur ír e an "legio nona Erybana"
 aca ḡa corant. A ḡarriú lámheuctac ullmú-
 ḡeoao tura an armrluaḡ uile aet amáin
 comlann clanna Mórna aḡur moe ari maidoin
 a marac cuirfao tu cae croda curraanta ari
 fao an mur uile aḡur mar feioir ḡeab an
 mur, aet ari a faeao tu ariam na leis rcur
 no feiteam ari oo cuimlingt nuig ḡo fillfao
 mire aḡur mo comlann moreuctac ari ari ari-
 írt. Cuingiú na teine ari lafao faoi tuarm
 na lungpóirt clanna Mórna mar ḡac uile
 n-oioce.

An naoimhaidi cabioil.

Seinn an t-orthan aḡur orthuig an faire
 aomail buo ḡnac. Oari cean ḡo m-beio ari
 ḡarriú. Aet buao ari oo beaia a bnaear
 cao bearna m-baoḡail a triallear ouit fein
 aḡur clan mor-euctac mic Mórna? Anoet ari
 feioeao an oara faire feicfear rin a ḡarriú!
 Ari seinm an t-orthan an oara faire oo bi
 ḡac laoc oe clanna Mórna lanarmte ari a

lung aſur ſol uēbrac mac Morna air acionn
 aſur reoleadair faoi roct cuineara air uruim
 claid na vileanne nuiſ ſo rianis oirioir na tal-
 man taobh riar ve'n mur, taobh le lungpport
 legio nona Eribana. O'ras ſol uēbrac mac
 Morna trian ve'n comlann le cornad an cab-
 lac aſur leir an cuir eile rſing re an lung-
 port aſur mar teintrac bhuir re ſac cabar
 caſa aſur ſac cuingneul cogad aig imirte bar
 buan aſur vunnairbad air cad annor nac o'
 imēis cean inrte rceul ve'n legio uile nona
 act o'fulang reriur marbta n-aon nuair.

Lion ſol a cablac le ionmuire teac-ion-
 muire an t-armrluaidſ Romanaige aſur leir
 an rciat aſur an ſac veairſ fill re air ba-
 nead an lae o'a lungport fein ſan ſuin
 ſata no ſearead cladeama air don ada!

Roine rin ariam nior eanic ann n-aon n-
 oirōce a meuo ſreitre aſur ionmuire mar a
 eanic le ſol uēbrac mac Morna an n-oirōce
 rin, oir bi ionmuir uile bhuirtein cruinnſte
 ann o'or r'airſeao ve reoduib aſur ve mion-
 aib voraſailtaib reir le cur vo caſar Re-
 mion amac, cir triact reriur na Romanaige
 bhuirtan amain le rairbhuſad na ſaal.

Deicnamdar Cabriol.

Imtura rin nior cian nuiş go filluiş Suetonuiſ Paulinur go catar Remion ſaoi euşmeaſ aşur eaſonior ari ōa cinn. 1. ari cailleaō cuiş mile şnaēmileaōa ann cat m-beaſna aşur ari bunſeſioſuğāō a lungſpoſe aşur an legio nona Erbana, maille le ciſte aşur ionmuiſ an t-armſluaiş.

Ēar tſeimeſe nuaiſi nac tſioiſſaō no nac tſioēſaō na Romanaişge anuaſ aſ a muiſcāib niſbur muşā, ō'ſill ſol uēbāſaē mac Mōſna aşur a armſluaş lanſuaioēaē go Erſion, aşur ſiō moſi an ionmuiſ aşur an euſaol a ō'iomcuiſi a cāſlaē ni ſaib ſeoſ iona ſſeiceſi ann a ſaib an meaſ aişge maſi a ſaib ari an ſcīaē aşur an şaē ōeaſş go ſonſſiaōāē. Aşur buō iomſa cat aşur comſuiſe cſioiōa cuiſſanta ſişne ſol leiſ an şaē ōeaſş ēaſi rin, nuiş şuiſi tuiſe ſe ſein le ſeall ann cat ſābſaō.

1ſ le uſcuiſi ſlinne ō'euiş ſol uēbāſaē moſeuctāē mac Mōſna ſaoi ōeſſeāō, aşur ari cinneāō ōo go ſaib ari ſuēt aşur imbeul na euşā ſiē ſe go lanſappauiş go loc ō'Alē maſi a ſaib a aēaiſi anna comſuiſe şa ſaō:

“Slan! rlan leat a d’ar ionmhuin! Ata rlinn
 5-Cairbre Cinn ioir mo imlinn ašur mo mór-
 óruim! Ašur éug anéilg v’a rleag ašur v’a
 rciat fad amac ran loc. Ašur v’fanadur ran
 loc nuig go éanic Tórbulr Mac Stairn treun
 go Eriuson air tuairig fionabarta ingein ve
 treab tuda ve Danaan, um an rciat bi
 caillte go bhuinne an brata.

An t-donmad caboil. veug.

Éug Tórbulr Mac Stairn mac nuig loc-
 lann a fearc ašur a riorgrat vo ingein
 aluin ve tudaib ve Danaan dar buó ainm:
 fionabarta Allasoi, an bean buó veire veilbe
 ašur veunad ran domain an trāt rin. Oibir
 nuig loclann i fein ašur a treab o calam
 loclann amac mar geall air an fearc ašur
 an riorgrat a éug Tórbulr a mac oi. Oir
 buó mian leir an nuig go porfad Tórbulr
 vearbfiur buó oige a ceile fein oir a veirt-
 ear go raib rre anna leannann luirde ar iri-
 ol vo’n nuig vo.

Ciú trāt ni glacfad Tórbulr comairle
 a d’ar giú go raib oirreac an comhuonn aig
 leannuigt an porat rin. Uime ir e adubairc

an níz fíaoic feargac: Muna porrao mar
 o'ácin éar óeir na fearctúine, a éan do
 bainc de agus an oíreacú nízé uul do'n
 maíte a porrao i. Air na cluaf rin, nior
 o'fan éorbulf nibur fuioe, áct feoluig fe
 air fuio an doimain, loriguagá an bean aig a
 raib gean a éioioe agus fearic a éleib.

Nior o'rag fe tir, talam, no treab fan
 iaréir iarib gan cuairtuagá nuig go fear fe
 oíóce airéige air bhuac loca o'áic. Conn-
 airc fe rrué rplancead oílleacánead aig
 eirige fuaf ar clar na uirgead. Buó iongan-
 tac miorbuilleac rin óo. Snam amac go áic
 an lafaif agus fuair an gac veaig leir a
 rinne rgingeac amac ar an uirge, agus áic
 teintpac éigeac ar rinne a éinn mar buó
 gnaé. Agus ir leir an gac veaig, iar m-bar
 fionabarta aig m-breic óo tir mic, do fear-
 ad fe iomda cat éioíó agus comhuic curri-
 anta agus bain buaio agus nízne euétra air
 fuio an doimain, agus áóleacéar leir faoi
 veiread ann coill na máib, agus o'fan ann-
 ran uaim leir nuig go éanic a émar mic an-
 na cuairirg, agus nuz leoca air air go tal-

Δὴ δοῖδιν Ερμῶν, ἀν γὰρ θεοῖς μαιλλε λειρ
 ἀν τ-Δονθεαν. Γιὸ τριατ buò e 'Θιαρμου ἡ
 'Θυβνε ἀν φεαρ ιρ b-φεαρρ ἀνν cleαραιb
 τρειρεδὰτ αἷυρ τρευνεδὰτ na αἰμριε ριν
 ἀνν Μοριόμοριαὸ na Ευέτρα αἰρ λιορ ἑδδαρ-
 ἐδ. ἑανγδωαρ τρι mic ἑορβυλρ mac Σταῖρρ
 τρευν γο ὅ-τι 'n Μοριόμοριαὸ ριν, μαιλλε
 λειρ ἀν τ-Δονθεαν ceile ἀν ἡic buò ρινne.
 Ιρ ριαὸ ἀν τριαρ υὸ ἐυγ ἀν κομῖλεαντ buò
 γευρα cρυαῖοe γο 'Θιαρμουα ἀνν γὰρ cleαρ
 αἷυρ ευέτρα, αἷυρ bι na φiana Ερμῶν αἰρ
 λατὰρ αἷγ φαῖρ na τρι mic τρευνα, αἷυρ
 γλασωαρ τριμεαυα ἀνναγῖαὸ ἀν τριαρ λαοῖc,
 οἰρ nι ο ριοι na γααί a buναὸ, αἷυρ bι
 ρυαῖὸ αἷγ 'Θιαρμου αἷυρ φiana Ερμῶν ορ-
 ἐαῖb ο'η λα υὸ αμαc Δέτ το ἐαῖλαὸ μαρ ἀν
 ceυona γυρ τυγ ἀν τ-Δονθεαν a γεαν αἷυρ
 a γριαὸ το 'Θιαρμουα ο'η υαῖρ το bρεῖτ ρε
 ἀν buαῖὸ ο'η τριαρ αἷυρ το ἐυγ ἀν ριγφear
 'Θιαρμου a γριαὸ το. αἷυρ cuῖρ ρε a λοῖγ-
 οῖριὸe αἷγ φορφαῖρ ἀτρεῖbe a κομῖνυῖοe. 'Ο
 bι 'Θιαρμου τριατ αρ cιονν mile θε'η γνατ-
 φiana. Ιρ e δουβαιρτ ἀν ριγφear υὸ le τυρ-
 edαῖb ceυo, αἷυρ le τυρεαῖb caoγaυ αἷυρ

le tureadaiḃ veicnamar: A cōmmlēaḃa a
 moc aṛi ma:oin a maraḃ ullmūiḡtear an reilḡ,
 aḡur tṛialleavari o Corrcacclann riar tṛiḃ
 Maḡēru an Cuiḡeāḃ aḡur tṛiḃ rliab ḡ-Call-
 an aḡur ēar loc leirḡe na ḡreine ḡo bṛuiḡ-
 in tṛiari mīc Mac Stairin tṛeun. Aḡur o'innir
 Aonbean ce'n ḡaḃ veaṛḡ aḡur eoluiḡ rī fein
 le 'Diarmaḃa oir tṛḡraḃ a ḡean o'a ceile.

Aṛi filleaḃ oḃ na bṛaḃaraib fīorṛuiḡea-
 var feall n-imṡeaḃta n-Aonbean aḡur reabeaḃ
 an ḡaḃa veirḡe aṛi an ball ēanic voig cut-
 aiḡ aḡur buile baneaḃ oṛṛṡaiḃ ḡo ruḡavari le
 ceile leim ran fairḡe riar aḡur o'eugēavari
 an tṛiur maraon. Nīoṛ ēian ēar rīn ḡur
 o'eug an t-Aonbean o 'Diarmaḃo.

An vāra cabriol' veug.

lomṡura ēuḡ ḡraine beandēile fīonn ruḡ
 na feine, a ḡean oḃ 'Diarmaḃo aḡur eoluiḡ
 rī leir o tiḡliaḡ a rīr, aḡur ir aṛi a tēṛō-
 eaḃ o fīonn aḡur na fīanna Erṛione ruḡne
 'Diarmaḃo iomṡa euḃt leir an ḡaḃ veaṛḡ. Oir
 ir e aḃubairṡ fīonn: ḡur buḃ mīan oḃ fein
 bar aḡur beugbeaḃa a ēabairṡ ḡo antapṛuiḡ
 oḃ 'Diarmaḃo mar ḡeall aṛi an feall ḡrana
 ruḡne ra.

Έαρ ταιτμε Όιαμμαδα εριοϋ ριονη αν ζατ
 νεαρζ ανη τεαδ να Μιοδουαιρετα Έαδαρετα,
 αζυρ ο'φαν ανη νυιζ ζο ο-τι'η λα αιρ α εαινε
 Ραορυιε ναοηδα αρεαδ αιρ λιορ Μοριεομριαδ
 να εαετρα.

Ιρ αν ριν ο'ειριζ ζαιρ νε ραοριεαν να
 Ερριονε αζυρ ριτ αιρ ρειμ οριε ζο τεαδ να
 Μιοδουαιρετα αζυρ ζλαε αν ζατ νεαρζ, ορι
 δυδ τυρμορ αζυρ ελεαεταη ναε νοετραο κυρ-
 ραδ νο κομμιεαδα ελεαεταη αιρ Έαδαρετα
 αιρ ραο α ρυιδρεαδ αν τ-Αροερυννε ανη.
 Δετ αιρ η-ουλ οο'η λαοιε ο'ιονηρυνδε εαριδαο
 Ραορυιζ ναοηδα ευζ υριεур лантарруиζ λαο-
 ιεδα οο Οοριαν αριαιη Ραορυιζ ναοηδα αζυρ
 ταιτ ρε ριαρ ανη ορνα αζυρ ουδνεул να
 ευζα! Έανιε ροετ μορ μαρ ροετ ρειριζε αιρ
 Ραορυιε ναοηδα αζυρ αουδαρετ: “Α Όια να-
 η-ουλ ερριτεοιρ υιλεκομεαεταε ταιρβαιη ανδριυ
 ζυρ ετρα Αρουιζ νειμε, ιομερευν ρορ βααλ
 αζυρ να νειτε αοριδα! Τοιζ ρε ανη ριν αν
 ζατ νεαρζ ανηα λαη, αζυρ αιρ αν βαλλ ροιλ-
 λριζεταρ οο ζυρ δυδ νεαηδα α υρλανη. Νε
 ηριζ ριν ρυζ ρε αν ζατ νεαρζ λειρ ανηορ
 ναε νευηραο ευετ ροла αριρ ζο ηρυννε αν
 ηραετα. Αιρ η-ουλ οο ριαρ αιρ ρλιαδ να ερπορ-

THE TALE
OF THE WANDERINGS OF THE SPEAR
WHICH WAS CALLED THE
RED LANCE.

THE PREFACE.

I dedicate the edition of this tiny volume to the memory of my beloved mother—Mary Amalgad O'Carroll.

It was under her tutelage I learned the trenchant, precise, glorious, and kindly-gentle Gaelic. Many a new and ancient tale which came down by oral tradition she had to embellish a story or adorn her conversation, as is instanced in the following narrative.

I have transferred to writing this story, in order that it may not perish, as, alas! many historic accounts of the Gaels have been lost beyond recovery. Scripta manent.

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THE TALE

CHAPTER I.

On the day of the crucifixion of the Only Son, it was Longinus the Giant, afterward surnamed Lamdearg, a commander of three fifties, who gave a spear thrust opening the side and splitting his heart in his bosom for Jesus. An issue of blood streamed from the wound of the Lord, which encrimsoned the spear and the hand of Longinus.

Furthermore, it was impossible to cleanse it from the shaft of the spear or from the hand of the hero. From that date forth Longinus had the surname Lamdearg, from the reddening of the Savior's blood.

Indeed, Longinus Lamdearg, after that, wedded Salome, the beautiful but capricious daughter of the consort of Phillip, the tetrarch of the territory of Itur. When Longinus and his wife Salome went to Spain with the army, there she led him an unhappy life, committing unseenly escapades and infidelities with the commanders of the army until such pangs of jealousy seized the heart of Longinus that he desired to slay Galba, her paramour, though commander of the legions. Life in the army became insupportable for Lamdearg on account of the persecutions of Galba, as well as the dishonor

and contempt his spouse, Salome, publicly heaped upon him.

CHAPTER II.

Longinus Lamdearg resolved to flee to the fortress of the Lugataos Parisiorum, where a Roman cohort usually encamped. It was not easy to accomplish this flight, for a military company pursued him. The Romans inflicted the penalty of decapitation on military deserters. As soon, however, as Lamdearg got amongst the mountains it was impossible for the pursuers to trace him, indeed, they were not over-zealous in the search, for they knew the mighty exploits heretofore performed by Lamdearg with the Red Lance, and that in his desperation he would defend himself fiercely, wrathfully, most hurtfully and manfully. Thus in his wanderings Lamdearg advanced until he arrived at the port of Ith. Many were the dangers he encountered by road and rustic on that long and lonesome journey, but he arrived safely with the aid of the conquering Lance, for it emitted a shower of fiery sparks from the point of its head on the approach of danger, and after the day of the Crucifixion it never was darted without piercing its aim, and returned to the hand which thrust it. Besides, there was not the peer of Lamdearg in prowess and strength on the back of the great world at that

period. At the port of Ith an army was preparing to cross over to Britain. It was what Lamdearg said: That he himself would go with it. After passing some time in Britain, word came that Lamdearg was a military deserter.

For Galba, the male paramour of Salome, had obtained the sovereignty over the Romans. As quickly as Lamdearg heard that he divested himself of his suit of mail and put away his shield and spear and fled, rapidly and secretly, by way of each dense forest and each dark glen and each mountain trail, until he reached the shore of the great sea, for he was moved by fear of ignominious death, and he crossed in a small boat to Gallia, where he took the staff and cowl of a Culdee, and terminated his life in happiness and peace at last.

CHAPTER III.

When Lamdearg fled from dread of decapitation, he pitched his shield and the Red Lance into an abandoned well, where they remained a long time, until on a certain night Lucius Balbus and a company of fifty marched past. Points of fire like lightning were belched from the mouth of the well.

"By Hercules," said Lucius to his comrades, "is not that yonder a wonderful effulgence? Ap-

proach and ascertain what it is?" "Fortune between us and it," they replied. "How do we know but it is the upper part and vestibule of hell? We will charge heroically and speedily any native battalion, but we have neither battle, contest, nor war, against Pluto, and we won't scorch our courage against him. So, hail! all hail!" "Out on your courage, you rustics, brave indeed to face food and wine!" said Lucius. "Stand aside until I investigate what this wonderful prodigy may be." As he peered into the well he saw the Red Lance and a shower of sparks shedding from its point. At once he concluded it was a magic lance, and as he grasped it he realized it was the most excellent he had seen up to that moment; its shaft shining red as blood and it emitting a blaze of light from its piercing point. But terror would not permit a man of the company of fifty to touch a finger to it for the treasures of the world, except Lucius only. And the hero, Lucius, himself believed some god had placed a spell on that spear. So he bore the shield and spear with him to the fortress of Donancaster, where were stationed at that time three legions: Legio nona Hispana, Legio Decima Quarta Gemina Victrix, and Legio Vigesima Valeria Victrix, under the command of the Proconsul Aulus Plautus.

CHAPTER IV.

The advice Lucius followed, was to show the shield and spear to the Haurispex and the Flamen Dialis for an interpretation of the spell and the cause of the fire running from the piercing point and the crimson color of its shaft. But, in truth, none of the soothsayers in the camp had the sagacity to interpret the prodigy. The fame of the lance and shield became great throughout all that country at that time. All, indeed, became convinced that they belonged to some god.

Lucius Balbus presented them to Aulus Plautus, the proconsul, for he understood that Aulus greatly coveted them. It was certain that Plautus had no jewel nor wealth he prized so highly and cherished so dearly as he did the Red Lance. For a long time he kept it with his valuables in Donancaster, until he went campaigning to the northward, and took the Red Lance with him, and many an exploit he did with it, and many a brave, knightly battle he fought with the enemy.

And when he began to celebrate his victory, he founded an altar to Venus Victrix, and hung the mighty shield and the Red Lance above it. But the altar and the statues on it were found the following morning thrown down. The Flamen Dialis said it was an "evil omen," but Plautus maintained it was an accident. The Flamen Dialis reconstructed the

altar and placed the Penates upon it, and at even-tide hung the shield and the Red Lance again above the altar.

The following morning they found the altar overthrown and the penates broken to pieces. For the third time Plautus ordered the altar to be re-erected, and the Red Lance to be hung above it, and a military guard to watch the night through. It was ordered accordingly.

About midnight, like a gust of wind, though the night was calm, it sounded, and the shield rattled on the wall and the blade of the lance was encircled by a fiery cross, but the altar was crushed to powder and sad voices as of lamentation passed over the whole camp, crying: "Alas, oh, blood! Alas, oh, blood! Abide thy time." The air reddened with lightning and vibrated with terrific thunder, the guards blew the trumpets, the whole camp was alarmed and kept vigil the remainder of the night.

CHAPTER V.

After the confusion of the camp, this was what the proconsul, Aulus Plautus, did: He sent Vespasian a military tribune with an embassy to the Isle of Man to a seat of learning of the Cromfir of Baal, to obtain an interpretation of the event which happened to the altar of Venus, and the said voices

of the night, and to explain also what the Red Lance might be? But the cromfir could not tell, only that the god of the lance was manifestly greater than the god of the altar.

But they said if the embassy proceeded to Magnasin Erin perhaps the Ard cromfear of Gaelen might reveal to them the mystery of the Red Lance and the cause of the prodigy. So the embassy set out, bringing great store of wealth, jewels, gold and silver as an offering for the god and his attendants. But the Ard cromfear replied that it was not customary for himself to prophesy or reveal except in matters strictly pertaining to Baal. However, he would appoint a cromfear to seclude himself and perform the incantation, Teinm Laoga, for revelation on the subject. But he obtained no response. Then a higher caste cromfear secluded himself, making the incantation, Dioceadail do Canad. But he likewise received no response. Very great surprise ensued when the cromfir who secluded themselves did not receive an answer, as was usual.

After that the head of the embassy besought the Ard cromfear not to suffer them to return after so long a journey without an answer to the proconsul. It was then the Ard cromfear secluded himself in his Druidic cave and performed the mystic incantation, Imbas For Osna.

On the third day he emerged from the pene-

tralia in which he was shut, and this answer in Ogam with him: "The blood has terrified all the gods. The lance is crimson from the blood of Mighty Pan. *Amissa cessit!*" I. e.: The blood so terrified all the gods that they fled, the shaft of the lance is red from the blood of Mighty Pan (i. e.: He who is all). If lost there will be a downfall.

When Aulus Plautus, the proconsul, heard this he said: "Though I do not clearly understand the words, I know it will not augur well for me to lose the Red Lance, for '*Amissa cessit*' may signify if the lance is lost I and all may be lost with it."

CHAPTER VI.

From that date the Roman warriors called the Red Lance the "Spear of Pan," with which he threw the peoples of Scind into Panic terror and wrested the victory from the farther India.

Immediately Aulus Plautus stored the spear with his valuables in the army treasure chest and placed a cauldron of water under its blade so that it would not ignite the treasure house. He beheld the Red Lance no more, for trouble and grief came upon him through envy and persecution, and shortly after his return to Rome he was most foully assassinated. But the fame and power of the mystic spear circulated through all the land of Erin and the Cruitni. In truth the Ardromfear did not re-

late the whole prophecy nor its augury to the Roman embassy. For while secluded in his Druidic cave under the influence of the incantation he foresaw that the Romans would lose the spear and with it sovereignty and power. That they would lose it in a war with the Gaels of Cruithni toward the north, and from that day forth both their rule and sovereignty would shrink. But the Ardcromfear was too sagacious to return an evil report in exchange for the opulent gifts of gold and silver bestowed on him by Vespasian and the embassy.

After the Romans had subjugated and banished the Brigantes they marched northward and gave battle to Caracht and the Silureis. And driving them from their domiciles, they came to the boundaries of the land of the Cruithni, and they sent heralds who shot javelins into the soil of the land of Cruithen, proclaiming: "The Senate and the Roman people make war on the land of Cruithen, because the Cruithni have aided the enemies of the Roman people!" That is the rite by which the Romans declare war.

CHAPTER VII.

But the Cruithni sent a delegation to Suetonius Paulinus, the proconsul, saying: "We live peacefully, and have done no injury to the Senate nor the Roman people, therefore why do you begin an un-

provoked war with evil intent against us? Indeed, a true account has reached us of the unmerited devastation wrought by Ostorius Scapula on Caracht and the Silureis. Know, then, it is better for us, and more to our liking, to fight bravely in defense of our land and its boundaries than to accept the ignoble meed of food and servitude from any alien whatsoever."

The clan Cruithni massed their comlanns and dispatched swift couriers to every tribe and townland. They also sent an embassy to the Ardrig of Erin, for they were intermarried. This was the message: "Oh, high king, and free sons of Erin, be it known to you that the evil brood of Romans have come upon us with violence to spread ruin and slaughter over our territories. Send us aid and we will give the robbers a grave in our soil. It is the wisest policy to reinforce us, for if we are destroyed, immediately the Romans will invade your territories in Erin." It transpired that at this very time the imperial Congress was in session in Teacmor Tara. The counsel the Ardrig and the free sons of the congress reached: To send five battalions of the Gaelic rank and file and a phalanx of the Clanna Rory and a phalanx of the Clanna Morna under the command of Gol, the terrible son of Morna. At this same session the Ard Cromfear of Gaalen came and related the augury of the spear called the

Red Lance, and the heroic Gol, the terrible son of Morna, sat at the shoulder of the Ardrig of Erin, while the Ardcromfear delivered his address.

The fleet assembled at the mouth of the Foist, and at the fall of the first darkness they quietly sailed for Alipban.

CHAPTER VIII.

Nor was it child's play the Roman army accomplished, for they had built a wall across the face of the country from sea to sea. They lay behind it free from danger and anxiety. They sallied forth from behind their walls in sudden forays when the Cruithni were off their guard, and swept the territory nearest them with sword and fire, leaving it as bare as bosom of the desert. Gol immediately arrayed his forces and they fought the battle of Bearna, in which five thousand legionaries fell; the rest retreated in confusion behind their walls. Such a paralyzing fear seized hold of the Roman legions that it was impossible for Suetonius Paulinus or his military tribunes to march them out to battle. They mutinously refused to move a foot's width from their walls. They, however, fought with zeal from the top of their wall, working the balista and military engines that shot rocks and gigantic arrows to a great distance. Whenever the Gael or the Cruithni approached the wall they poured burning pitch,

boiling oil, and fire-sand on them. But after the battle of Bearna fear did not permit the Romans to march out on field or plain while Gol, the terrible son of Morna, and his army were in the land of Cruithen. One day Gol said to Garrid Glundub Mac Morna: "Oh, Garrid, this is cold work awaiting on this bare mountain back, without hope of a battle or a brush with this robber tribe of Romans, who are in the agony of death from white terror. We have no wish to found a fortification across the country, like Suetonius Paulinus. Oh, god whom I adore, if I could but get a spear charge on them in field or plain before I return to the happy land of Erin!" "What is on your mind now, oh, brother?" said Garrid. "It is said, Gol, though we have wrested the victory from the Romans in the first encounter, we have not found the Red Lance, nor will the Romans come from behind their walls; yet I dislike to return without the spear, for there is enchantment on its blade, nor without the shield, for there is enchantment on its rim. Indeed, the Ard Cromfear said in my hearing: 'When the Romans lose the Lance their sovereignty will begin to decay.' If we but knew where the Lance is, oh, brother!" "We know that very thing, oh, Garrid, from the captive soldiers. It is in the camp of the army treasure house, and it is the Legio nona Hispana that guards it." "My brave brother, you will array the whole army except the phalanx of the

Clanna Morna, and early tomorrow morning you will give battle all along the wall, fiercely, manfully, and for all you have ever seen give no respite until I and my phalanx return. Tonight keep the fires burning throughout the camp and in front of the phalanx of the Clanna Morna as every other night."

CHAPTER IX.

"Blow the trumpet and order the watches as usual." "By my head, I will," said Garrid, "but victory on your life, my brother, into what gap of danger do you tend with your fierce exploit-compelling phalanx?" "Tonight, at the second watch, you will see, oh, Garrid."

When the trumpet sounded the second watch every warrior of the Clanna Morna stood full-armed in his ship, and Gol, the terrible son of Morna, with them. They sailed in the calm of silence, on the rolling back of the flood, until they touched the shore behind the wall, beside the camp of the Legio nona Hispana. The terrible son of Morna set a third of his phalanx to guard the fleet, and with the rest he scaled the camp and like lightning he broke every defense of battle, extinguished every torch of war, and gave a lasting death and destruction to all. A legionary to tell the tale escaped not, but in one hour they sank into death together.

Gol loaded his fleet with wealth from the treasure house of the Roman army, and with the shield and Red Lance returned to his own camp without wound of spear or cut of sword on any of the phalanx. Never before was such treasure gained in

quality and quantity as Gol captured in one hour that night; for all the wealth of Britain was gathered there by the army to ship to Rome. But it so chanced that the Romans plundered Britain only to enrich the Gaels.

CHAPTER X.

Shortly after Suetonius Paulinus returned to Rome in great dishonor. He was discredited on two counts: For having lost five thousand legionaries in the battle of Bearn; for the destruction also of the Legio nona Hispana and the loss of the treasury and army pay-chest. When all danger from the Romans in the land of Cruithen passed, Gol and his victorious army sailed for Erin. Though great the wealth of treasures, jewels and golden armor he bore away in his navy, there was no jewel among them all so dear to him as the talismanic shield and the Red Lance. Many brave battles and fierce knightly contests Gol, the terrible son of Morna, fought with the Red Lance after that, until he fell by ambuscade himself at the battle of Gavrad. It was by the shot of a dart that Goll of the mighty exploits, the terrible son of Morna, perished at last. When he saw that he was on the brink of inevitable death he tore his military cloak into bandages and tied in his bowels without drawing the slinn from the wound, and ran fleet-footed to the Lake of Alt, where his father was, saying: "Farewell, a long farewell, oh, beloved father! The slinn of Cairbre Cinn has pierced my navel to the spine." He made his last great cast with which he

hurled the shield and Red Lance far out into the waters of the deep. The Red Lance remained submerged in the lake until Thorwolf Mac Starn came to Erin in search of Fionawara, a daughter of the Tuatha de Danaan, but the shield was lost forever.

CHAPTER IX.

Thorwolf Mac Starn, son of the king of Loclann, gave his true love and first affection to a surpassingly beautiful daughter of the Tuatha de Danaan, whose name was Fionawara Allaoi. She was the most beautiful maiden in figure and form in the world at that period. But the king banished herself and her tribe from the kingdom of Lochann because of the unchangeable affection and true love his son, the Prince Thorwolf, gave her.

The king had planned that Thorwolf would marry the youngest sister of his own queen, for rumor crept that she was the king's mistress in private. Prince Thorwolf would not obey the command of his father, though the perquisite of a crown and kingdom was attached to it. This was what that savage, wrathful king ordered: If Prince Thorwolf would not marry her within two weeks, to cut off his head, and the inheritance to go to the noble who would marry her. Thorwolf did not await events, but quickly sailed away, seeking through the world the woman to whom he pledged the affection of his heart and the love of his bosom. He left no county, land, nor tribe, in the west of Europe but he searched, until on a certain night he stood on the beach of the Lake Alt. There he be-

held a shower of fiery sparks rising from the surface of the water. He wondered at that, and swam out to the blaze and found the Red Lance, with its blade protruding from the water. It was with it he afterward fought many brave battles and fierce encounters, and gained victories and performed exploits throughout the world, and after he accepted the faith of the Only Son, and died, the Red Lance was buried with him in his tomb in the Forest of the Dead.

It remained in his grave until his three sons came in search of him, and they bore it, together with Aonbean, back to the happy land of Erin. In those days Diarmud O'Duibne was the champion in prowess and feats of arms at the field of exploits on the Lios of Tara. Thither to the games came the three sons of Thorwolf Mac Starn and Aonbean, the wife of the eldest. They gave Diarmud the severest trial in every feat he contested.

The Fiana Erin were present as spectators and watched the three heroes and were filled with envy against them, for they were not sprung from the blood of the Gael, so that Diarmud and the Fiana Erin hated the three sons of Mac Starn from that day forth. But it happened too that Aonbean gave her affection and undying love to Diarmud the very hour he defeated the three brothers on the Lios, and Diarmud returned the love and sent trackers to find her tribe and dwelling.

Diarmud was commander of a thousand Fenian soldiers of the rank and file. This was what he said to the officers of hundreds, and to the officers

of fifties, and to the officers of tens: "Early tomorrow morning we will follow the hunt, oh, fellow soldiers." Then they marched from Corcaclann westward, through Magcru of the Cuigeac, and over Mount Callan, and past Loc Greine, until they came to the castle of Mac Starn, the Bold. Aonbean told of the Red Lance, and eloped with Diarmud, for they were mutually enamored. When the three brothers returned and found the false Aonbean fled, and the Red Lance lost, an impulse of wild madness seized them, and the three, hand in hand, leaped far down into the sea and died together. Not long after that Aonbean died from Diarmud.

CHAPTER XII.

Now, Graine, the daughter of Cormac, the king of Erin, was wife of Fionn, the commander of seven battalions of the Fiana Erin. She became involved in an intrigue with Diarmud and finally eloped with him. It was during his flight from the vengeance of Fionn that he did many wonderful exploits with the Red Lance, for Fionn said it was his design to give quick death and a short life to Diarmud. After the fall of Diarmud, Fionn hung the Red Lance in the armory at Tara, where it remained until the day holy Patrick drove his chariot on to the Lios ot Tara. Then a champion of the free sons of Erin ran straight to the armory and grasped the Red Lance, for it was prohibited by law and usage for any knight or soldier to bear arms on Tara while the imperial Congress was in session. He ran to-



ward the chariot of holy Patrick and gave a thrust, swift and terrible, to Odran, the charioteer, who instantly fell in death. An influence as of anger came upon the holy Patrick, and he said: "Oh, God, thou almighty Creator, Ruler of the elements, show this day thy transcendant power over Baal and all his demons!"

He took the Red Lance in his hand, and immediately it was revealed unto him that its shaft was sacred by the blood upon it. For this reason he carried the Red Lance with him, so that it might not commit an exploit of blood again forever!

When he ascended the mountain of Fasting, which is now called the Reek of Patrick, a wish came over him to separate the blade from the shaft, and the enchanted blade he buried deep and irrecoverable in the bosom of the mountain. But the shaft he cast out on the world of waters, out on the great sea, out on the high back of the flood, out on the immense, foam-crested waves of the ocean, saying: "Oh, wood, reddened by the blood of the Holy One, go forth to bless every sea and every land that is unknown, until in aftertimes the tidings of the Lord's redemption shall come upon them—

"To blood-purchase the remnant of the nations,

"To establish a wall of light in the impenetrable darkness,

"To bring universal peace to the valley of tears!"

Here end the wanderings of the spear called the Red Lance.

JOHN J. O'CARROLL, 1902.

National Librarian Gaelic League in America.



